

NYE RICH IN WISDOM.

He Dispenses Information to His Sunday Correspondents.

EXPENSE OF A BALL IN NEW YORK.

Cheapening Effect of a Live Conversationalist or Humorist.

CHIEF TRAITS OF THE STAGE HAND

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

DO not know that anyone has ever referred publicly to the average stage hand as we find him at the foot of the stage...

who is not afraid to appear before any audience in a pair of high-top rubber boots which he has used all day to walk in...

I do not know what they were there for. I did not see them. They were there for the night...

CHARACTER OF THE AMERICAN. When we get the World's Fair it will be the same way. The American is not an actor...

NOT AT ALL PUFFED UP. The murderer of Wild Bill, after his crime, came at once on horseback from Deadwood to my town...

HE WAS THE TIREDEST YOUNG MAN. He was just in the buff and bloom and he would get me a glass of water...

THE KILLING OF WILD BILL. The horse kicked out at an infatuated horse while the two were sleeping in the stall...

A BALL IN NEW YORK. On a recent estimate it follows, as nearly as I can recollect:

Rest of ball for 1000... 2,000. Greasy palms... 8,000. Jeweled favors for German... 20,000.

As he went to the scaffold, he carried a bouquet of choice orchids, given him by the Young Men's Christian Association...

LOVES OF STATESMEN.

Bits of Romance in the Lives of Men Who Have Become Famous.

TOM REED'S AWKWARD PROPOSAL.

How Lige Halford Popped to the Little Soprano of the Choir.

A MAIDEN WHOSE PAPA LOCKED HER UP

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

VERY man in Congress has had his romance and those wise heads that now bob up and down on the waves of legislation have not been immune from the influence of the love god...

NUMEROUS QUERIES ANSWERED. "Bright Alfaratz," San Jose, Cal., asks what to do for an improving nail and how to make salt rising bread...

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A NATION'S GATEWAY

Story of Castle Garden and the Millions It Has Sheltered.

NO LONGER FOR IMMIGRANT USE.

Jenny Lind Sang Her First Song in America Under Its Roof.

FORTRESS, BEER HALL AND THEATRE

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

OR nearly 83 years Castle Garden has been the great gateway through which millions of people have passed to seek homes in the New World...

THE MUSIC HALL STAGE. But Castle Clinton, as it began to be called, was too nicely situated as a place of popular resort to allow a few rusty cannons and a few venerable pensioners to keep the public from enjoying the place and its surroundings...

VIEW OF CASTLE GARDEN. The first result of this move was the matter, and the stories of the wrongs inflicted on the immigrants...

JENNY LIND CHANGED IT. The singing of Jenny Lind in the garden gave it what it had not possessed before—a certain operatic and theatrical character...

WON THE SECOND FIGHT. But public attention had been directed to the matter, and the stories of the wrongs inflicted on the immigrants...

JULIUS CAESAR SERVES THREE YEARS. Mrs. Congresswoman Burrows, of Michigan, tells a pretty tale of how she met and loved her husband...

CABINET LOVE STORIES. The ladies of the Cabinet were romantic "when they were girls." They all married young men...

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WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, Author of "Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," Etc., AND THE REV. HERBERT D. WARD.

CHAPTER IX.

BARUCH'S LOVING FLIGHT.

It was dew-fall at Bethany. In the house of Rachel, the widow, and Baruch, the blind man, excitement reigned. A great event had happened. Without the porch, panting with weariness, lay under a litter, lay a little maiden, pale and frail, but peaceful as a well-maiden ever is. Ariella had been brought over to visit Rachel, her neighbor...

On the way from the house of her father to the home of Rachel, Ariella had suffered acutely; every step of the bearers' jarring the litter, diffused agony through the poor girl's body; but she had not said a word. For every glimpse of the living world she had evinced the keenest delight. It was: "Oh, father, the light! The light of the sun on the fields! How broad a thing is an afternoon!"

"Baruch, I see a hill of tulips; they ran up and down; they are red, like torch bearers at a race. Mother, give me your hand. Lige has my head a little that I may look unto Jerusalem!"

"The Temple shineth like the rising of the day. In the Temple is the Ark. In the Ark God dwelleth. The people go up; go up like prayer into the heart of Jehovah! Would I could be the Temple! The brow of Olivet lifeth between."

Ariella lay now upon the litter, herself as mute as an exhausted parrot, the ecstatic and theatrical character of her words, and the power of her imagination, had fallen into the grip of pain. The invalid's hopeless consciousness of suffering returned like the fall of night. Ariella lay upon the litter, and Baruch, who had been looking at her with a steady gaze, saw her face in the face of an old woman—she was but 26.

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